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The May Day melodist

London

[18--]

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THE
MAY DAY
MELODIST.

A Matchless Magazine of the Musical, Melodious, Mirth making, Merry, Most Meritorious, Masterly, Moving, and Mind inspiring Music of the Age.

Summer Souvenier of Song!

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KEY OF THE STREET

London: Pattie. 31, Paternoster-row.

The Loom and the Lathe.

Written and Sung by Harry Sydney.

Like most other men who've been knocking about,
Strange places and persons I've seen;
Sometimes I've had plenty sometimes been without,
And frequently hard up I've been.
But still tho' dame fortune has been a sad jade,
And baulked me of many a prize,
What I see, I remember, and some say I've made
A pretty good use of my eyes.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! for the loom and the lathe,
Hurrah! for the spade and the plough,
The happiest man I have met with is he
Who lives by the sweat of his brow.

The lawyers, with eagerness, pocket the fees,
But look at them well, and you'll find
Tho' they live in great style and appear at their ease,
They're frequently troubled in mind,
The parsons have duties from morning till night,
If they *do* them—but yet I'm afraid
The *living* is that, in which most they delight,
And they make their religion a trade.

The bankers, tho' wealthy, have many a care
As to how they will double their cash,
But still speculation is often a snare,
And frequently ends in a smash:
Tho' members of Parliament do all they can,
To get in the house, 'tis no use,
If they wish to be happy, they'll alter their plan,
For many get naught but abuse.

Some poets and authors who live by their brain,
Have seldom a shilling to spare,
Beset thro' their lives by grim poverty's pains,
They frequently die in despair.
They starve in a garret while striving for fame,
Which seldom arrives till they're dead,
Neglected they live,—then their work get a fame
And a monument's built them instead.

The higher their station, the more we repuire,
And the more we're expected to do,
The greater the income, the more we desire,
I'm sure you'll acknowledge that's true.
The more we possess, the more anxious we get,
For fear that our wealth should be lost,
The path of the rich is with troubles beset,
As many have found to their cost.

Yes! Happy is he on himself who depends,
If he has but contentment and health,
For Industry more to happiness tends
Than either position or wealth.
I envy not those who great riches have got,
For wealtn is too often a ban,
But he has the best and the happiest lot,
Who *works*—*acts*—and *speaks* as a man.

I Cannot Mind my Wheel.

I CANNOT mind my wheel, Mother,
I cannot mind my wheel;
You know not what my heart must know,
You feel not what I feel.
My thread is idly cast, Mother,
My thoughts are o'er the sea;
My hopes are fading fast, Mother,
Yet feel you not for me.
I cannot mind, &c.

I had a dreadful dream, Mother,
'Twas of a ship at sea;
I saw a form amidst the storm,
I heard him call on me:
I heard him call on me, Mother,
As plain as I now speak,
I thought my brain would burst, Mother,
I thought my heart would break.

For me he perils life, Mother,
The weary ocean wide,
And yet a word,—one word from you,
Had kept him by my side.
My wheel had gaily sped, Mother,
My thoughts at home smiled free,
But now my smiles have fled, Mother,
My heart is o'er the sea.

Parody on "Dublin Bay."

Young Brown and his bride went out for a ride,
With a party of friends in a boat,
At Ben Lang's they met, when Brown in a sweat
To row he pull'd of his coat.
Brown's wife dress'd in her best new clothes,
As she jump'd on board the Midge,
And a tear came trickling down her nose,
As she sail'd from Victoria Bridge.

At Throstle Nest they stopped to rest,
And to take a little grub,
When Brown ask'd his bride how she liked her ride
In that old gallant tub.
But she had been so very unwell
While sailing from Midge,
And she thought of the bak'd potatoes she'd sell,
That night on Victoria Bridge.

Then Brown's fair bride to row next tried,
And she sat on Brown's best coat;
The oar she used grand, till it slip'd from her hand
And she fell out of the boat.
Oh, save her Brown cried, and he tore
His hair out by the roots;
Her heels went up as her head went down,
And nothing was seen but her boots.

Answer to why did she leave Him.

Oh! yes, I remember the days of our childhood,
And the days of maturity grew on a pace,
When Ellen, dear Ellen, the one I loved dearly,
As the wife of my bosom she did take her place,
Though humble our home there still is contentment:
It is all the riches that we can secure,
With a smile she doth greet me when homeward returning,
For she loves me the better because we are poor.

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Our neat little cottage with woodbine surrounded,
So daily we toil for each other to share,
By nature's bright flowers the hill side abounded,
We both live as happy as the birds in the air.
Though frugal our meals we enjoy it with pleasure,
We never turn a stranger away from the door,
With a good little wife I think it a treasure,
She loves me the better because I am poor.

We think it a blessing that we have not riches.
For they cannot make the mind happy at last,
For wealth in most cases wickedness teaches,
May our little future be like the past.
My toil it seems light as I return from labour.
My wife runs to meet me at the cottage door,
With sweet blooming cheeks and a smile she does greet me.
She loves me, now bless her, because I am poor.

How proud and how happy is each with our station,
Fortune smiles upon us in every degree,
We envy no one in England's great nation,
Like Darby and Joan from quarrels we are free.
We will climb up the rough hill of this life together,
Until one or both are called to death's door,
Old age shall not part us though our features be withered,
We will still love each other because we are poor.

Beautiful Star.

Beautiful star shining so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening beautiful star.

In fancy's eye they seem to say,
Follow me, home, from earth away!
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.
Thine, oh, star of love divine!
May our souls! affection twine
Around thee, as thou mov'st afar.
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!

Do a good turn when you can

Air, "Let us help one another."

How little we think as we travels through life's ups and downs, day by day,
What good each might do to his neighbour, did all of us go the right way;
How many a poor fellow whose talents to elevate science would end,
Is lost to the world's gaze for ever, and all through the want of a friend.

CHORUS.

Then stretch forth your hand as a brother, remember that life's but a span;
'Tis our duty to help one another, and do a good turn while we can.

Never envy the luck of your neighbour, though better than yours it may seem;
He may have had trouble and labour, and toils of which little you dream:
We have always some trouble to tease us, some sorrow our mind to perplex;
Then remember, when others displease us, they too have some trials to vex.

If you strive a few shillings to borrow, and apply for the same to a friend,
He'll tell you, perhaps, to your horror, he has not a farthing to lend:
Disappointed at such a refusal, you turn on your heel with a curse,
When, perhaps, if the truth it was spoken, he had not a coin in his purse.

We look at a coat with its patches—too often we pass it with scorn.
Never thinking with life's cruel scratches, how much its poor wearer is torn:
There's many a coat very seedy, that covers the noblest breast;
And their's many a good soul that is needy, and many a rascal well dress'd.

Before you are generous ever, 'tis best to be honest and just;
The spendthrift an idler are, never the men that are safest to trust;
But still give a hand to the needy, give the good word whenever you can;
Though humble his lot or his station, for all that, a man is a man.

Some boast of their wealth and connexions, and look with contempt upon those
Of lower degree, quite forgetting, the means by which they perhaps rose,
So be kind to the poor and the lowly, never utter a word that's untrue,
Prize the maxim which says act to others, as you would they should do unto you.

Labour.

Attend ye who live by your labour to what I am going to sing,
If you take my advice to yourselves and it will happiness bring
In this world we live by each other and all have some portion of care,
Every man that we meet is a brother, though some want what others can spare.

CHORUS.

Fair play you'll own is a jewel, we Englishmen like and I guess,
If masters have right 'twould be cruel that workmen should ever have less.

To those who great fortunes inherit, some privilege should be allowed,
But I like to see men rise by merit, except when success makes them proud,
There's one thing I've noticed that strange is with those who've prosperity met,
The principal mark of the change is both themselves and old friends they forget.

HUNTING TOWER.

"When ye gang awa Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie—
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?"

"I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll send you a braw new gown lassie;
And it shall be o'silk and gowed.
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie."

"That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
That's nae gift ava, laddie;
These's ne'er a gown in a' the land,
I'd like, when ye're awa, laddie."

'When I come back again, Jeanie
When I come back again, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a galant gay,
To be your ain gudeman, lassie."

"Be my gudeman yoursel, Jamie,
Be my gudeman yoursel, laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie."

"I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie."

"Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye should hae telt me that in time, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had got,en mine, laddie."

"Ye eyne were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your eyne were a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I could na help mysel, lassie.'

"Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnes three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may know
A broken heart, like me laddie."

"Dry that tearful ee, Jeanie,
My story's a' alee, lassie;
I've neither wife, nor bainies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie."

"Think weel, for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel, for fear ye rue, laddie;
For I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.',

"Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie;
Saint Johnsioun's bow'r, and Hunting Tower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE

Words by R. Tannabill. Music by J. McFarlan,

Tha sun has gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the sceue;
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station, o' loftiest grandeur
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
An reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wantidg sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.

Long shall the sad story,
In the anuals of glory,
Be told how brave Jessie, that famed glorious one,

The beseiged troops inspired'
When heart-worn and tired,
In Lucknow lay 'prisoned, when help there was none.

Brave Jessie was sleeping,
Bold heroes watch keeping,
On the doomed walls of Lucknow, no help or aid near;
When she cied and up started,
With lips wildly parted,
"Tis the Highlander's slogan, dina hear, dina hear?'

They heard in the distance,
No sound of assistance,
They gazed on her sadly, and thougt she but raved'

When she cried, with eyes beaming,
While joyfully screaming,
" the the 'Campbells are Coming,' we are saved! we are saved?"

MARY OF CASTLECAIRY.

Swa ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on you lea—
Cross'd she the meddow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the buanie where slowers the haw-tree?
Hear hair is lint-white, her skin is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red, red her ripe lips, and aweeter than roses—
Whar could my wee thing wander frae mee?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by you lea;
But I met wi' my bonnie thing late in the glooming
Down by the burnie where flawers the haw-tree;
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—

Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me,
It was nae my wee thing, it was nae ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud in her leal heart, modest her nature,
She uever lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecairy,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Youug bragger, she ne'er wad give kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary' she's fase Castlecairy,
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Bright flash'd the fire frae his wild rolling ee;
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning—

Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.
Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Aff went the bonnet, the lint white locks flee—
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom snawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee.
It is my wee thing, it is my ain thing,
It is my true love here that I see!
Oh, Jamie, forgi'e me, yours heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, fase thee.

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho faetier and mither and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But warity tent, when ye come to court me,
Anb [omena unless the back-yett be a jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come as ye werena coming to mee,
And ceme &c.
O whistle &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye carena a flee:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye werena lookin at me,
Yet look &c.
O, whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anether, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she while your fancy frae me,
For fear &c.
O, whistle &c-

THE PECK O' MAUT.

O, willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan came to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree,

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And money mae we hope to be.
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines eae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he:
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou, &c.

MY BOY TAMMY

Whaa hae ye been a' thh day,
My boy Tammy?
I've been by burn and flowery brae
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mamy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a bonnie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I praised her een sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;—
I paee'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house that cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin you will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammy.
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes—
I canna leeve my mammy.

We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,
My ain kind hearted lammie.
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wi' thing gies eer hand, and says
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee.
My boy Tammy?
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her blue ee:
For O! she's but a young thing.
Just come frae her mammy.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives.
The lassie I lo'e the best.
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean,
I see her in the dewey flower,
Sae loverly, sweet and fair.
I hear her voice, in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flower that sprins,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE DID?

I WAITED till twilight, and yet she did not come,
I roam'd along the brook side, and slowly wandered home,
When who should come behind me, but her I should have chid,
She said she came to find me, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said she came to meet me,
Do you really think she did?

She said when first she saw me, life seem'd to her divine,
Each night she dreamt of angels, and every face was mine,
Sometimes a voice in sleeping, would all her hopes forbid,
And then she'd waken weeping, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said she'd waken weeping,
Do you really think she did?

She said since last we parted, she thought of naught so sweet
As of this very moment, that we should meet;
She show'd where half a cottage homely she had shaded,
She said for me she had made it, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said for me she made it,
Do you really think she did?

YESTERDAY TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Words and music by Charles Mackay.
Musical Treasury 881—2.

The breath of morn the opning Rose,
The sun that shines above,
The happy birds that soar and sing,
The lips that whisper love,
Old yesterday, though he be dead,
Took none of these away,
He could not steal them if he tried,
But left them for to to-day.

To-day shall not exhaust the gifts,
He's lib'ral in his turn,
But when he dies shall ice not freeze
And true affection burn,
But dark to-morrow let him come,
We'll face him as we may,
We'll change his name, but not his heart,
And greet him as to-day.

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

Sung by Mr. J. H. Cave. J. A. Hardwick.
(Music at White's, Oxford St.)

Eight hundred years are nearly o'er,
Since a foe invaded Englands' shore;
And Freedom's flag, still here unfurled,
In the only free land of the world,
Protests the right, defies the wrong,
Can succour the weak, and punish the strong;
And no invading foreign horde
Shall e'er land on Albion's sea-board,

For England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—tyrant—oppressed,
But England for the English!

Shall we transmit the brand of shame,
To our sons, that we submitted tame,
To foreign aggression, of church or state?
No!—we spurn their power, and scorn their hate.
We hardy Islanders can hold,
With hands as strong, and hearts as bold
Our arm, as when, with victories,
Great Blake, or Nelson swept the seas.

England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—despot—oppressed,
But England for the English.

Let them seek our land, as guests, who will,
Of all creeds, We'll protect them still;
But alien masters we've ne'er obeyed,
Nor will we be, by them betrayed,
And our Rulers must, with sword, or pen,
Act *like*, as well as *be* Englishmen;
For the British Lion watch he keepeth,
He is not dead, but only sleepeth,

So England for the English,
Old England for the English;
Spite of War's alarms—and Europe in arms,
Lets keep England for the English.

THE WISHING-GATE

'Twas a Michaelmas eve, and rather late,
Young Fanny went out to the Wishing-gate;
For often she'd heard the gossips tell
That was the spot where the fairies dwell;
The fairies who granted to maidens dear,
Whatever they asked at that time of year;
So Fanny she went,—her luck to try
At the wishing-gate 'neath the starlight sky.
But yet you shall hear, when the tale I state,
That young Fanny repented the Wishing-gate.

"I wish for"—"I wish for,"—and there she sighed.
"I wish I'd a carriage, and grooms beside,
I wish I had jewels—a wardrobe fine—
Oh! What a dash at the ball I'd shine!
I'd marry the richest in all the land,
And nobles and princes should ask my hand;—
And as to young Harry—but never mind,—
He must think himself happy to ride behind.
Oh! little she knew, tho' the truth I state,
Young Harry stood close to the Wishing-gate.

When Fanny went home, as the story's told,
She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy gold;
Her footmen awaited their lady's call,
And she went in her carriage to grace the ball;
Young Harry was there but he knew her not,
Each youth that approach'd her soon fled from the spot;
For though all her raiment was rich and gay,
Her face was bewrinkled, her hair turned grey;
So maidens beware of poor Fanny's fate,
Don't ask for too much at the wishing-gate.

BOBBY WHITE & BETTY BROWN.

A very Popular Serio-Comic Song, as sung by W. G. Adams.

(Music at Davidson's.)

In London once a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Betty Brown;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
(SPOKEN—And was considered to be)
The best-looking girl on the town.
With a chooral-ree, &c.

Her age was nearly twenty-one,
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely wench she was,
(SPOKEN—And for a year and a day and a few hours she had a sweetheart)
Whose name was Bobby White.
With a chooral, &c.

Now Bobby was a nice young man,
As any to be found;
And Betty loved him dearly,
(SPOKEN—But as he was poor he could not make his suit agreeable to)
Old Mr. and Missus Brown.
With a chooral, &c.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed—
A rich old miser in the place;
(SPOKEN—And when Betty betrayed the real state of her sentiments, Old Brown swore the crown right out of his hat that rather than his daughter should have her Bobby he would)
Knock him on the head.
With a chooral, &c.

But Betty's heart was brave and strong,
And feared no parent's frowns;
And as for Bobby White so bold,
(SPOKEN—He said, with the exception of Betty, he didn't care a fig for)
The whole race of the Browns.
With a chooral, &c.

But this Old Brown was wide awake,
And he loaded his old gun,
And then pursued the loving pair,
(SPOKEN—And overtook them just as they'd got half-way to the parson's, and then they)
Started off and run.
With a chooral, &c.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim,
Right at young Bobby's head;
But oh! it was a burning shame—
(SPOKEN—For he made a miss-fire, and shot his only daughter, and he saw her)
Drop right down atone dead.
With a chooral, &c.

Then anguish fill'd young Bobby's heart,
And vengeance crack'd his brain;
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
(SPOKEN—And plunged it a thousand and one times into Old Brown's body, which made it a very doubtful case if ever he would)
Come to life again.
With a chooral, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RIBBON.

(By permission.)

Words and Music by S. J. Hack. Sung by Miss M. M'Alpine.

She wears the sailor's ribbon,
With an anchor in the bow,
But 'twas not pride adorned the breast
That rocks it to and fro.
A tale of honest love it tells,
And acts no meaner part;
She wears the sailor's ribbon,
For she won a sailor's heart.

Where is that roving lover? Peace—
Peace to his noble form;
The deep sea cancelled all his vows
In one fierce whelming storm.
She wears the sailor's emblem,
For he's shrined within her heart.
'Tis the immortelle of mem'ry,
Truth and love that cannot part;
Tis the immortelle of mem'ry,
Truth and love that cannot part.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

Sung by Mr. J. Henshaw.

Words by John Legge. Music by E. Land.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung!
We climbed the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John;
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some lov'd ones one by one,
And twined our wreaths of heather
In fancy, as we've deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Unaltered is our friendship, John,
Since we were boys together.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er;
The flow'r, the nest, the humming bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are fading fast,—
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with gladsome brows,
We did when boys together.

When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together;
Through many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.

There Was a Time When by Her Side.

By L. M. Thorton.
Music by Francesco Berger

There was a time when by her side
The moments sweetly flew
For stranger to the hearts first grief
I nought but pleasure knew
Then I believed my sky of life
To be both bright and cluar
Vain supposition, foolish nope
There's nothing lasting here.

I see the form I hear the voice
The same light step moves on,
The whole exterior the same
But all the heart is gone
And so it is, we look for joys
And trust to vows sincere
But in the end to prove and own
There's nothing lasting here

The young Man from the Country.

Sung by Mrs. German Reed.
Words by William Brough. Music by T. German Reed.

When first I went to service, a nursemaid's place I took,
There was me, and Jane the housemaid and Margeret the cook;
We all of us had followers, the best of all the three,
Was that young man from the Country as kept company with me.
That young man from the Country
As kept company with me.
The first time he came in to tea, the snow was on the ground,
Next morning master's overcoat was nowhere to be found,
And yet I seed it on the peg. when I sat dowe to tea,
With that young man from the Country as kept company with me,
That young man from the Country,
As kept company with me
When he next came, the dinner things was lying all about
For Jane that day was busy, and 'twas Maageret's "Sunday out"
Two silver forks was stole thot night, yet no thief did I see,
No more did that youcg man as kept company with me,
That young mad from the Country,
As kept compauy with me
He came again, and yet again, how often I cant say
And things kept going from the house, in quite au awful way;
We could'nt tell who took 'em, neither Jane. nor cook, nor me,
Nor that young man from the Country, as kept company with me,
That young man from the Country
As kept company with me
One day a policeman came for me, my evidence to give,
I never shall forget to the longest day I live;
In the Old Bailey there I see, condemned for fel-on-y.
That young man from the Country, as kept company with me,
That young man from the Country,
As kept company with me,
'Twas he as stole the forks and spoons, 'twas he the coat as took;
I lost my place, next morning, so did Jane, and so did cook,
Young women, all take warning, dont have followers in to tea,
Lest they treat you as that young man from the country treated me,
That young man from the Country, as kept company with me.

The man who knows everybody.

Sung by Mr. Howard Paul.
Words by H. Walker. Music at Metzler's.

"Not to know me, is to arguey ourself unknown'
I'm the most popular man about town,
Every one knows me, from Royalty down,
For my name and high fame eclipses all other (renown
Westward each day—Regent Street gay,
Sauntery, jauntery, swell swell;
Ladies I meet—affably greet,
Hoopery, coopery, Belle, belle.
Hundieds of girls—ribbons and curls,
Sigh away, die away, oh! oh!
Capital fun—not to be done,
Spoonery, moonery, no, no.
Off to the park—just before dark,
Splashery, dashery, rush. rush,
Lords this and that—crowd round to chat,
Squeezery, teazery, crush, crush.
Sauutery, jauntery—hoopery coopery—
Sigh away, die away.—spoonery, moonery—
Splashery, dashery—squeezery, teazery—
That's the way—all the day—
I'm the most popular man about town
Every one knows me, from Royalty down,
For my name and high fame eclipses all other (renown

The turf I delight in, at Epsom each year,
'Tis I am the favourite, that's very clear!
I'm not proud—but what crowd
Ere failed my arrival to cheer?
Right horse to back always the knack,
Winnery spinnery, cash cash;
Home from the stand—drag, four in hand,
Breakery, shakery, crash crash:
Go to a Ball—partners all
Simpery, whimpery, blush, blush;
Waltz like a top—never once stop,
Twirlery, whirlery, flush, flush;

illiards at "Rs" punch and cigars,
Smokery, Jokery, cue, cue;
Popping Champagne—over again,
Swaggery staggery, screw, screw,
Winnery, spinnery breakery, shakery,
Simpery, whimpery—twirlery, whirlery,
Smokery, Jokery—staggery, swaggery,
That's the way—all the day,
I'm the most popular man about town.

On opera night's in an orchestra stall
'Tis I am first fiddle, Il primo and all,
The pit will—not sit still.
Unless I respond to their call,
Every one speaks—"there's Mr. Cheeks,"
Glassery, passery, bow bow;
Actors on stage—choking with rage,
Stammery clamoury, row, row;
Double bassoon—plays out of tune,
Frownery, drownery, hiss, hiss;
Cymbals and drum—dreadfully glum,
Bangery clangery—miss, miss,
Chorus of course—savage and hoarse,
Squeekery, shriekery, squall, squall,
Bow for front row—"Bravo! Bravo!"
Curtainy certainy fall, fall.,
Glassery, passery—Stammery, clamoury,
Frownery, drownery—bangery, clangery,
Squeakery, shriekery—curtainy, certainy
Every night—serve 'em right.
I'm the most popular man about town

The Key of the Street.

A Medley

Air—"The good St, Anthony,"

I left my lodgings in the west
And to a City Banquet went
But returning home by greef opprest,
I at my door fell double bent
I knock'd and rung but all in vain
Tho I could scarceley keep my feet,
So against my will out in the rain.
I found I'd got the key of the street,
There are many keys I will admit,
Keys for locks and music sweet
But the worst of keys I think to fit
Is that infernal key of the street.

Spoken,

One went the clock, and I went too

Air:—"The one horse shay,"

A night house in the stand
And come out very grand,
Doing wine and water like Dandy O!
Then with a little dear
To a masquerade did steer,
Filled up to the muzzle with pale Brandy O!

Spoken,

Cabby to the masquarade,

"All serene sir,"

Air:—"Limerick Races,"

Then we rattled on the stones
The horse kept up his prancing O!
I reach'd my journey's end,
And with a maid got dancing O!
She appear'd an angel quite,
She'd wings to make it better O!
And all went well and right,
It could n't have been better O!
Fal fal der ral.

Air:—The "Tailor done over

I order'd her Brandy, she blowd a Cigar,
She whisper'd my Love, what a nice chap y are,
She went in a good un, and then she did say,
I think your a stranger, Sir, in the Highway,
Oh that she did, so she did,
That is right of course I did say,

Spoken,

Then she said she'd attend to my morals, and begg'd I'd give her a song and some Brandy and water—So I did, Sung.

O! susannah, don't you cry for me,
I'm a going to Alabama with a Bango on my knee

Spoken,

Encore cried they! I obliged with anorher, and paid my footing in the bargain, then she sung

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by moonlight alone,
At the grove at the end of the vale.

Spoken,

Now says I, I must be going,

To the west to the west,
The clock long struck three,
Or else a sad rumpus at home there will be,
So farewell my darling,
And don't hold so tight,
For I'l come and see you, on some other night.
So off then I started and quickly I found,
For money and watch, I was run aground,
And not one Policemen egad could I see,
So I paid very tidy, for having the spree,
To the west, to the west &c.

Air:—"Saint Patricks day,"

Then on I kept sailing, till Legs began failing
The clock it went four, and down came the rain,
In doorways the needy laid hard up and seedy,
I felt in my heart day was dawning,
I began to look blue for I had n't a screw, sir.
But as luck would have it, I met with a friend
So he lent me a crown sir, without e'er a frown sir,
Which proved on my word a regular god send,

Spoken,

I believe yer my Boys!

Air:—"The Soldiers tear,

On Holborn Hill I turn'd to take a last fond peep
At the pretty drinking fountain, and Snow hill long and steep
I listen'd to Saint Pauls, so stunning to my ear,
Then fell in with some coal-heavers, and stood a lot of beer,

Air;—"Sam Hall,"

I began to feel dead beat,
Yes dead beat, yes dead beat,

Then the Bobby I did treat,
Yes I did treat.
Then some cabbies had a fight,
And went in left and right,
And a bobby grabb'd 'em tight
What a treat.

Air:—"Joe in in the Copper,"

Then I stroll'd to Covent garden,
For it was market morn,
I met with drunken Swells and girls,
With coats and bonnets torn,
The clock went six, I had a drain,
Then blew another cloud,
And stood to see the greeks come in
Amid the motley crowd, crowd, crowd,
Amid the mottley crowd,

Air:—"Charlestown,"

There were gardeners, and strong porters
Rushing to and fro,
Waggoners, and Salesmeu,
From the Higher and the Low,
Strawberry girls, and baked potatoe men,
Cheap Jacks and carters gay,
Shop keepers and grim costers,
All dealing every way.

There in Covent garden,
Early in morning,
There in Covent garden
So early in the day,
So if you want a treat,
To see a lot of pretty girls
Just trot to Covent garden,
About the break of day.

Air:—"A May day morning Early"

Then between a trot a walk and a roll,
I reach'd my home so early,
When my wife look'd blacker than a coal,
To see me come home so early,
made it all right with a bit of a treat,
Then jumpt into Bed and tumbled to sleep,
And resing'd about eight the key of the street,
Like a fellow dead beat or nearly.

IN VAIN I TRY THEE TO FORGET

By L. M. Thoruton.

In vain I try thee to forget
Thy form will ne'er depart
And every word thy lips have breathed
Is graven on my heart.
I mingle with the mirthful crowd
Their countless pleasures woo,
And I might share their joys, could I
To memory bid adieu

I fly from those I once esteem'd
No charm their words for me
Andby my actions strive to make
The friend an enemy

'Tis so, when sorrows wound the heart
The spirits share the ill
And lost one form we search in vain
The vacancy to fill

COURTING DAYS.

Ballad.

By L. M. Thornton.

Do you remember love, the days
When hand in hand we met together,
The dear old spot that saw us meet
Despite the changes of the weather
The seat on which so oft we sat
Save when by other sweethearts tokens
And the warm kiss at parting snatch'd
Sweet type of constancy was taken
And oh, how long appeared the time
Till each the well known footsteps hearing,
And oh, how sweet the bells soft chime
True to their quarters both appearing.

In other climes we wander now
The dear old seat is lost for ever
The quarters tell the hour of eight
But we shall meet as lovers—never
United now we pass through life
And share each other's joy and sorrow
Thank God for that bestow'd to day
And thank him for the coming morrow
Sweet love our courting days are gone
But it methinks (with truth not sporting)
If one in heart we carry on
Why whats a wedded life but courting.

WITH THE RIFLE IN YOUR HAND

By L. M. Thornton. (Bath)

(For Music)

With the Rifle in your hand,
Forth the flower of England stand,
And e'er yet the Foe draw nigh,
Be both steady hand and eye.
Muster muster, gather round,
By eternal honour bound,
At your station quickly seem,
'Tis for England and the Queen.

Never despots yet had power,
O'er this Isle their shot to shower,
Back like dogs with hanging tails,
Have we made them howl and wail,
Aye! and if it needs must be,
We another Isle can see,
Where a solitary one
May parade till set of sun,
Follow follow then be seen,
'Tis for England and your Queen.

A TOAST.

Here's to the flag that Britain rears,
The banner of the brave,
Beneath whose broad and ample fold
There does not breathe a slave,

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane! my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and lasses in the vales will sing,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, &c.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled,
I feel their blessings on me wave,
And deem myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Joy, joy, too bright to last!
Oh, why will cruel time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past!

And here, alas, when they are gone
In Beauty's own array;
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last,
Ah, if such dream time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past!

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART! GOOD BYE!

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.

How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is hiding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms,
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye! good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The Lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here! yet I am here!

For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye!

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh, Willie, is it you, dear, safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true dear they said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep and that dear familiar voice. (gloom,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome welcome home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all, (the hall,
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in
The little ones were up till twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they've gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd never come,
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome Willie dear.
Last night I wept and watched, by the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, when I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again, when I found you had not come;
Oh, Willie we have missed you—welcome, welcome home!

WHEN I DREAM THAT YOU LOVE ME

A Favourite Song. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

When I dream that I love you you'll surely forgive
Extend not your anger to sleep,
For in vision alone your affections can live,
I rise and it leaves me to weep.

Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me, your languor benign
Shohld the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
O, what rapture sweet cloe is mine,

Tho' in vision, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my presence deficient;
When dreams of thy presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torment sufficient.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses—
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose has blown:
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of a son she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden-gate I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose, of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done.
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one.
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower near the gate—
She is coming, my dove, my dear—
She is coming—my life, my fate!
The red-rose cries "she is near! she is near!"
And the white-rose weeps "she is late!"
The larkspur listens—"I hear! I hear?"
And the lily whispers "I wait."
She is coming, my own—my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed—
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red!

O'ER HBAVEN'S BLUE VAULTED CANOPY.

From the Opera of Louisa Miller... G. Verdi.

O'er heaven's blue vaulted canopy,
Stars like ten thousand diamonds bright,
Seemed born to grace her loveliness,
The sweet and tranquil summer night.
Hand clasp'd in hand so lovingly,
Heart twined with heart so tenderly,
Hope played around so joyously,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.
Yet she, alas! proved false to me,
Yes, she proved false to me.

Oh! what an angel's voice was hers,
Tuneful as singing melody;
Fairer than woman spake before,
"Love me," she said, "I love, I love but thee."
Then mute and almost motionless,
Filled was my soul with ecstacy—
Raptured with accents musical,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.
Yes, she proved false to me, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOWED BRIDE.

By G. Verdi.

Oh! once her eyes were diamond-bright,
E're sorrow dim'd them with a tear;
Once her step was fairey-light,
Her silv'ry voice so soft and clear.
But now her heart with anguish breaks,
And hushed is every dulcet strain.
Silent and sad her way she takes,
She'll never smile again.
She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

Alas! that one so young and fair,
So innocent and free from art,
Should be consigned to sad despair,
Thus soon to bear the mourner's part.
Yes, now her lonely way she takes
To where they parted all in vain.
Her heart in silent anguish breaks,
She'll never smile again,
She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is list'ning meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
Running on like time and tide.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot:
Sweeter far she deems his whisper,
Than the night-bird's dulcet thrill;
She is smiling, he beguiling—
Tis the "old, old story," still.
Maiden fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn's sun is quickly going,
Behind the woods of castles keep;
The air is chill, the night winds blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
The "old, old story," sad and brief;
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maidens fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings confed'rate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands imbuing.
To arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insulate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, &c.

THERE'S A PATH BY THE RIVER.

There's a path by the river, o'ershadowed by trees,
Where people may walk and may talk if they please,
And save by a bird, not a sound can be heard,
So do not come there, if you please,
So do not come there, if you please,
I feel that I'm lonely, my mind's ill at ease,
I'm sure it would mend me to feel the soft breeze,
As it plays on the shore, at the hour of four,
So mind you don't come if you please,
So mind you don't come if you please.
There's a path, &c.

Yet, if others should like to enjoy the fresh breeze,
Some who feel like myself that the mind's ill at ease;
If yourself you should go, I can't help it you know,
You've a right to walk there if you please;
If you please, you've a right to walk there if you please.
There's a hive near the walk, and I'm frightened of bees,
The gipsies might rob and the urchins might tease
And really, I fear, quite alone to appear,
So I think you may come, if you please,
Yes, this once, you may come if you please.
There's a path, &c.

WHA'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie he is landed, and soon he will be here;
Gae lace your boddice blue, lassie, lace your boddice blue,
Put on your Sunday claes and trim your cap anew,
For I'm right glad o' heart, kimmer, right glad o' heart,
I hae a bonny breast knot, and for his sake I'll wear't.
Sin' Jamie has come hame, I hae no cause to fear;
Bid the neebours all come down and welcome Jamie here. For I'm right glad, &c.

Where's Roland Todd, lassie? run and fetch him here,
Bid him bring his pipes, lassie, bid him tune 'em clear;
For we'll taste the barley-mow, and we'll foot it to and fro,
Sin' Jamie has come hame we'll gie him hearty cheer.
What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
Jamie he is landed, and soon he will be here
Bid Allen Ramsey run, bid him kill the fattest deer—
Oh, the neebours little ken how we'll welcome Jamie here. What's a' the steer? &c.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true—
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
But for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for my bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'll lay me down and die.

THE WORLD IS GROWING OLDER

Would you know the road to wealth, never borrow,
Spend enough to keep in health, then think of to-morrow;
Give, if you have gold in store, to your poorer neighbour,
Rest not till your prime is o'er, try to live by labour.
There'd no royal road to wealth, as when hearts were colder,
Few are they who thrive by stealth, the world is growing older.

Would you win an honest fame, 'tis not won by swerving,
Truth no longer's but a name, you must be deserving;
Faction is the coward's end all must pull together
Tyranny's weak chains to rend, like seeds in summer weather.
'Tis not now, as when the few—the many were the bolder,
Men are to each other true, the world is growing older.

Strive to learn a little more, though much may be your learning,
All that adds to wisdom's store repays us for discerning;
Knowledge is the only power that makes a good man better—
Wisdom is man's highest dower, who the mind can better;
Nature has her lessons too, to your hearts enfold her—
Every day brings something new, tho' the world has grown older.

DUBLIN BAY.

As sung by Mr. F. Barber.

We sailed away in a gallant bark
Royal Neal and his fair young bride,
And ventured all in that bounding ark,
To dance on the silvery tide.
His heart was light his spirits gay,
As he dashed the tear away;
As he watched the shore from sight,
As they left sweet Dublin Bay.

They sailed three days when a storm arose,
The lightning flash'd the deep.
The thunder broke the short repose,
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Young Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride,
And kiss'd the tear away.
Oh love, she cried, 'twas a fatal hour,
When we left sweet Dublin Bay.

On the crowded deck of the doom'd ship,
Some stood in mute despair,
And some more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the god of storms in deepair.
She's struck on a rock! the sailors cry,
In a breath of wild dismay,
And the ship went down with the fair
Young bride that sail'd from Dublin Bay.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

As Sung by Mr. F. Barber.

Live and let live—'tis the great law of nature,
Man to his fellow should ever be kind;
He, whose high mandate, prescribes every virtue,
Taught us to practise this precept divine.
Wide is the world, and the various in station,
Each to his neighbour good wishes may give;
All men belong to humanity's nation,
Nature's great law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live—'tis the aim of our being,
The rich and the poor on each other depend;
All men are equal before the All-seeing,
Each in his turn, stands in need of a friend.
Be, to a foe in distress, like a brother,
Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive;
Harbour no malice, be kind to each other;
Nature's best law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live—it's a law we should follow,
That men in great numbers forsake this law,
Then why quarrel and rob one another,
For this we repent nature is o'er.
Why not live happy and joyful together,
Wether we're rich or wether we're poor,
We're all of one clay and life's but a feather.
Then nature's great law is to live and let live.

YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH.

As sung by Mr. F. Barber.

You would not leave your Norah?
To pine alone behind,
The wide wide world before her,
And no one to be kind.
The times are hard and trying,
But Dennis perhaps they mend;
You would not leave your Norah?
You yet may want a friend.
You would not, &c.

Yes, Norah dear, I am going,
And yet it breaks my heart;
To see your tears are flowing
With tears because we part.
'Tis sad to leave old Erin,
A stranger's home to share,
But sadder still I'm fearing,
With none to love me there.
You would not, &c.

Then Dennis, take me with you,
You know not half I can,
There's no one to forbid you,
I've saved a pound or two.
I soothe you every sorrow,
If first the priest you tell;
Yes, Norah dear, to-morrow,
Then Erin, fare thee well.

I could not leave my Norah,
To pine away behind;
The wide wide world before her,
And none to be kind.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

DE MOON IS ON DE OHIO.

A Popular Song by the Christie Minstrels.

De moon is on de ohio, de ohio, de ohio,
De boat am goin too and fro, see dem row, see dem row, see dem row,
So come wid me my yellow gall, will you go will you go,
By moon light on de ohio, by moon light will you [go

Chorus—De moon is on de ohio, de ohio, de ohio,
De boat am goin too and fro,
See dem row, see dem row, see dem row.

I'll take my banjoe in de boat, in de boat, in de boat,
And play tune dar while we float while we float,
By moon light on de ohio, [Chorus.

Dare lobe to you I'll sing to you, I'll sing to you
I'll sing, [on de ohio.
So all you self to Quambo bring while de moon is

OLD BLIND JEM.

A Plantation Chant, by Mr. Connelly.

(Copyright.)

Ole blind Jem am a berry cuning nigger,
He like a coon as ebber cud be,
He head it got de grey his foot he got de jigger,
Do he blind wid both he eye still Jem can see.
—Ole blind Jem, O, ole blind Jem.

Ole Jem he play de banjoe, Jem he play de fiddle,
Jem he play bones wid dem both all tree,
He pance along de both side and up and down de middle,
Do he blind wid both eyes yet de nigger see.

Ole blind Jem lib up in de plantation,
He play upon de shack shack, play upon de drum,
At de nigger holeday he make a great reaction,
When he take de water he mix em lick.

WHEN DE CAT AWAY DE MOUSE WILL PLAY.

A favorite Chant (Copyright) by permission of E. Mackney.

Massa gone to York-town top out all de day,
Now's de time for nigger to make he holey-day,
Now he take de fiddle, and de ole banjoe,
Sampson make de bones shak Quaipuo dances so.

Chorus—I am a rang says ginger,
Jenny laugh and sing,
Tap a rap de shack shack,
Ting a ring a ring.

Tell you what de song say what de white men sing
When de cat away de mouse play ting a ring a ring.
Dis de time for fun boy's dis nigger day,
When de cat am sleepin den de mouse may play.
Night will soon pass ober, massa soon come back,
Den he gib me fum fum, an he curse poor black,
To nigger now make meny meny white you may,
Causc you know de mice play when de cat away.

DE BUCKRAH COUNTRY.

A Negro Chant by E. Mackney (Copyright)

When I was free in my own countree,
I nebber see de like oh dis before,
Dar was banjoe play all night and day,
Away on de Affick shore.

Chorus—Oh! O, bodder bo ho,
I nebber see de likes ob dis before,
Da was banjo play all night and day,
Away on de Affick shore.

But so de worse for me, now a slave I be,
De wipe he make poor nigger back as sore,
It am work work and no play,
All de night and day
Nigger bah on da Bucker shore.

Prage time may be nigger he get free,
And nebber be a slave any more,
If I could run away, here I would'nt stay,
I would go to free England's shore.

TODER SIDE OF JORDON.

As sung by the Christie Minstrels.

Of all de nigger song dat dey sing in de state,
Dar isn't such a song as I hab sung ob late,
Dey call it de odder side ob Jordan.

Chorus—So I take up my coat an roll up my slebe,
So jump in de boat as you may perceibe,
Tis a hard road to trabble to Josdan I believe.

De soberin oh de seas she gone to Liberpool,
In less den fourteen day to accordin,
John Bull he whipe his eyes and look wid surprise,
At de clippers de odder side ob Jordan.

De ladies and gentlemans am sent a big address,
About slavery and its horrors all accordin,
Deyhad better look at home at dem own white slabes
Starvin on de odder side ob Jordan.

A great english lady dat keep a great house,
De place where de black swan was boardin,
At a musical paty dey ax her for a song,
And she gib dem de odder side oh Jordan.

DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT.

Sung by the Christie Minstrels.

Dont say good night while de moon is up de moon is up.
Dont say good night while de moon is up and hide [dat lobely head,
Dont say good night while de moon is up dare none ob us going to bed.

All Among the Barley.

Come out—'tis now September,
The hunter's moon begun;
And through the wheaten stubble,
Is heard the frequent gun,
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden barley,
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley who would not be blythe
When the free and happy barley is smiling
on the scythe?

The Spring she is a young maid,
That does not know her mind;
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind.
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy Barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among the barley, who would not be blythe
When the free and happy barley is smiling
(on the scythe?

The wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do
The oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dansing too,
The rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean, and small;
But the free and bearded barley,
Is the monarch of them all.
All among the barley who would not be blythe
When the free and happy barley is smiling
(on the scythe?

May-pole Song & Chorus.

Sung by Miss Eyles & Mr. Lawler.

Come lasses and lads,
Get leave of dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every fair
Has a sweethart there,
And the fiddler's standing by!
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

"You're out," says Dick,
"Not I," says Nick.
"'Twas the fiddler playe d it wrong."
"'Tis true," says Hugh,
And so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Then after an hour,
They went to a bow'r
And play'd for ale and cakes,
And kisses too,—
Until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

"Good-night," says Harry,
"Good-night," says Mary,
"Good-night," says Dolly to John,
"Good-night," says Sue
To her sweetheart Hugh,
"Good-night," says everyone.
Some walk'd and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet next holiday.

Doc-Dah! Doc-Dah!

The Yankee gals all sing this song—doo-dah! do dah!
A Yankee race-track is five niles long—doo-dah! doo-dah, day;
I come down here with my hat caved in—doo-dah doo dah!
I go back home with a pocket full of tin—doo-dah, doo-dah, day!

Gwine to run all night! gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag; somebody bet on the bay.

The long tail filly and the big black hoss—doo-dah, doo-dah!
They fly the track and they both cut across—doo-dah, doo-dah day!
The blind hoss stick'n in a big mud hole—doo-dah' doo-dah!
Can't reach the bottom with a ten feet pole—doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Gwine to run all night, etc.

The old muley crow came on to the track—doo-dah, doo-dah!
The "Bobtail" fling her over his back—doo-dah, doo-dah, day!
They fly away like a railroad car—doo-dah, doo-dah!
Runnin' a race with a shoot'n star—doo-dah, doo-dah, day

Gwine to ride all day etc.

See them flyin' on a ten mile heat—doo-dah, doo dah!
Round the race track, then repeat—doo-dah, doo-dad, day!
I win my money on the bobtail nag—doo-dah doo-dah,
I keep my money in an old tow bag doo-dah, doo-dah, day!

Gwine to ride all night etc.